American Boys in Europe Tell of Their Experiences

Party of Nine Students Touring Continent on Bicycles Figure in Amusing and Semi-Tragic Situations.

This is the fifth letter to be printed in The Washington Herald, telling of the experiences of a party of nine American students in Europe. The boys are making their expenses as they go, and have many interesting narratives to tell of their trip. Their experiences will continue to be a feature of the Sunday edition of The Washington Herald.

Yesterday the cold and dampness woke us early, and we were on the road by half past four, riding twelve miles or more without seeing a town. When at last we coasted into Chantilly, nothing figured in our thoughts but breakfast, and the quickest way to get it.

As we rode about looking for an inn, Mac got separated from the rest of the party, but soon reappeared joyfully with the news that he had discovered a splendid place just around the corner. That sounded pretty good, and we followed him hungrily. He led us straight to an official looking building in the center of the town, on the front of which were emblazoned the arms of France, and underneath, in large, gilt letters, the sign that had excited Mac's stomach so much, "Hotel de Ville." At this point our feelings overcame us.

After the maledictions we heaped upon him I don't think Mac will confuse the town hall with a restaurant again.

We found another "hotel" finally, and got our breakfast, being charged the exorbitant price of one franc and seventy-five centimes each, but remembering that we were still in the vicinity of Paris, we paid up without a murmur.

This was the day of overcharging, which almost culminated in a pitched battle at Beauvais, where the price of cherry pie took a rise of 50 per cent in the course of consumption. We left the baker loudly bawling for a gendarme, but as none materialized, I expect we were right in putting it down to bluff.

Sleeping in a haystack that night, Scrib dreamed that the proprietor of the field appeared before him with a gun, and demanded fifty francs for lodging. He woke up, he says, in a cold sweat.

Had Argument with Gendarme.

We breakfasted next morning at a little inn beyond Beauvais, where everything was wonderfully good, and no less wonderfully cheap. Woody finished breakfast before the rest of us, and took his pipe out on the steps, about which our nine bicycles were stacked in an imposing heap. Presently we heard some excited conversation under the breakfast window, and looked out. A gendarme was inspecting our wheels, and was asking Woody why they had no license tags or "plaques." Woody, whose knowledge is limited to a few stock phrases, was wishing him good morning.

The Frenchman insisted that each bicycle should show a license number, and Woody admitted that it was a fine day, but showed signs of rain. Thereupon the gendarme lost his temper, and telling the Virginian that he was under arrest, beckoned him to follow, while Woody expressed his thanks, but stated that he never drank at that hour of the morning. What the outcome would have been we never knew, for George, fearing a catastrophe, promptly interfered, and explained that as members of the Cyclists' Touring Club (we had joined it in London), we were not required to license our machines. A glance at our customs tickets was sufficient evidence, and the incident was closed, except for Woody's puzzled inquiry as to what it was all about.

More Efforts at Conversation.

Lille, Aug. 17.—We left Acheux yesterday in three parties with the understanding that we would meet for lunch in Arras at some restaurant near the railroad station. Two attachments arrived before noon, but George and Doc Cook, one of the Virginians, were nowhere to be found.

The meal was nearly over when George showed up at last, with the news that Doc had punctured his rear tire and after many vain attempts to mend it had resigned himself to pushing his wheel into town. George snatched a few hasty mouthfuls, bought a new inner tube for Doc at a nearby shop, and did the Good Samaritan act by riding out to meet him.

It appears that he had stopped at a cafe after pushing his bike up a particularly long hill, and started telling his troubles to his host as well as his French would permit. As his French consisted altogether, however, of a few words written by George on the back of an envelope, he did not get along very famously and relapsed into silence. He was about to depart when one of the bystanders, who had been regarding him with interest, approached and with some effect wished him good morning in English.

"What 'ees ze mataire?" he asked by way of further conversation. Doc pointed to his flat tire.

"Englishman?" inquired the linguist doubtfully.

"No, American," replied Doc and as the stranger did not seem to understand, "America, America, the States, States, you know."

"Oh ze States," cried the other waving his hands excitedly, whereupon off he rushes like mad. Back he sped with a piece of rubber, off came the outer tube, out came the mucilage, on went the patch, and in less than two minutes the tire was as hard as a rock.

"How much?" gasped Doc reaching in his pocket. But his only answer was a wave of the hand as his savior jumped on his bicycle and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

The strong sea breeze which we fought going into Ostend was at our backs when we left, and we slid over the velvety sidewalks to Bruges with hardly a turn of the pedal. The Belgian high roads, being paved with the roughest cobbles in Christendom, the authorities have converted the sidewalks into cycle paths, and the poor pedestrian has no rights on them at all. We reached Bruges about 7 in the evening and dined quite luxuriously at the Hotel du Roi d'Espagne. There was a young chap sitting near us who seemed to take considerable interest in our conversation and presently introduced himself. It appeared that he was a Hungarian by birth, but was being educated in England and was an interesting fellow.

We made Ghent the following morning and Brussels in the evening. Just before reaching the latter city George met with an accident. Large heaps of dirt and stones were piled before the cycle path for a distance of several hundred yards and while George was making demonstrations at a passing beauty in a motor car he ran dead into one of these heaps. He was riding slowly at the time, but that did not prevent his bicycle from rising on its forelegs like a bucking broncho. For about thirty seconds it maintained its perpendicular position, while each struggled for mastery, then George's desperate hunching prevailed and the rear wheel descended gracefully to earth. The frame, unfortunately, was badly bent by the strain, and at the repair shop in Brussels, to which George walked his wheel, they demanded four days to restore the injured parts. We have, in consequence, seen a good deal of the town. Unlike most Belgian cities Brussels possesses no distinct individuality, but combines the gayety of Ostend, the quaintness of Bruges, and the historical interest of Ghent, with all the bustle of a thriving capital city.

Women Stand on Platforms.

As our hotel was some distance from the center of the city, we usually made the trip to and from on the street cars and noticed with surprise that while the men generally prefer to go inside, the women have a decided preference for the platform, whence they stare and pass remarks in approved masculine fashion. Even more shocking to American ideas is the behavior of the conductor. When he takes your fare he bows gracefully and murmurs "Merci beaucoup." Then he tears off a receipt, punches a couple of holes in it, and offers it to you with another bow and an equally gracious "S'il vous plait." Jack was so tickled when he witnessed this performance that he insisted on paying his fare twice over, to the utter bewilderment of the courteous conductor. Doc also payed his fare twice, but in his case it was quite involuntary. It was his habit to tear up his receipt as soon as it was handed to him, and nothing came of it until one day an inspector climbed on the car and started through to collect them. When he reached Doc the latter pointed to some scattered wisps of paper scattered on the floor. The inspector raised his eyebrows, and they had a spirited argument in their respective before Doc bowed to authority and paid up.

Wellin, Aug. 25.—Wednesday morning I accompanied George to the repair shop, where he found his bike all ready for another smash-up. While I was waiting outside for him a stranger strolled up and inquired in very tolerable English if I were not an American. "You've guessed it," I told him. "Then I sell you a watch easy," he exclaimed, with a smile of the most naive delight, and, pulling three or four watches from his pocket, he proceeded to explain their merits to a pair of very deaf ears. The poor chap was quite dumfounded when he saw that his efforts were useless, and walked off muttering audibly: "He's no American; he's no American."

Circumstances delayed our departure from Brussels till late afternoon, when we rode leisurely to Waterloo, through the beautiful forest of Soignes. We had barely entered the village, however, when rain started to fall, and we lost no time in locating an inn. The constant stream of open-handed tourists had the usual effect on the innkeeper, who charged us two francs for a very miserable meal. Dinner over, the rain promptly let up, and we decided to ride on to the battlefield, where we might find a more reasonable place to spend the night.

Lamps Go Out.

Before we had ridden a hundred yards Mac's lamp went quietly to sleep, and Jack's and mine quickly followed suit. A hasty examination showed us that the trouble was a simple lack of nourishment, but we had neither time nor present inclination to institute a search for oil, so we got along as best we could. George, whose lamp was still working, rode in front, shouting and singing in a drunken fashion and zigzagging from one side of the road to the other. Most of the passing pedestrians were thus driven staring to the sidewalks, and paid small attention to the rest of us, who rode silently behind, wrapped in darkness and the fear of momentary arrest. We had almost reached the outskirts of the town when a shout from behind and a glimpse of brass buttons coming rapidly in our direction caused us to put on speed and resort to open flight. The gendarme held his own for a distance of fifteen or twenty yards. Then a loud shout sounded in front, and a figure on the sidewalk rushed into a near-by house. "Good-night," exclaimed Mac; "they've telephoned ahead," and the next moment a burly figure was upon us.

"Good evening, gentlemen," offered the apparition politely. "You have four friends, is it not? And you will stay the night in my so interesting hotel where the grand Hugo has wrote of the battle, is it not?" We were all laughing by this time, so he just took it for granted that we would.

Battlefield Is Interesting.

When he had us safely inside, our host explained at great length that the four Virginians had stopped there the preceding night and told him that we would probably be along the next day. He had thereupon sent his son outside to watch for us, and had almost abandoned hope when the shout which had so disconcerted us filled his innkeeper's soul with delight. We inquired curiously concerning Hugo and were told that he had stayed at the inn for several weeks while writing his great description of the battle. He asked if one of us could sleep in the room which Victor had occupied, and on receiving an affirmative reply proceeded to match francs for it. George won and retired immediately, followed shortly by the rest of us.

The next morning the battlefield held us fascinated for hours, but we finally broke away, and after riding all morning over miserable country roads and through some very pretty little towns came out at last on the high road from Brussels to Namur. We reached the latter city in the twilight, and after dinner rode along the Neuse until we found a likely place to spread our blankets.

A Crank.

From the Chicago Post.

Waiters and cooks cling to the small things of their business as if they constituted a creed. If you succeed in having your own way it is only after an insistence that is galling.

In the beginning of things it was decided to fashion the toast for two poached eggs by sawing it into triangles. A long time ago, also, one consumer, who likes poached eggs for breakfast, decided upon a square piece of toast for each egg. Another determined act of independence of his was to ask for German fried potatoes without chopped parsley sprinkled on them and to request that his coffee be held in reserve until the eggs and potatoes were out of the way.

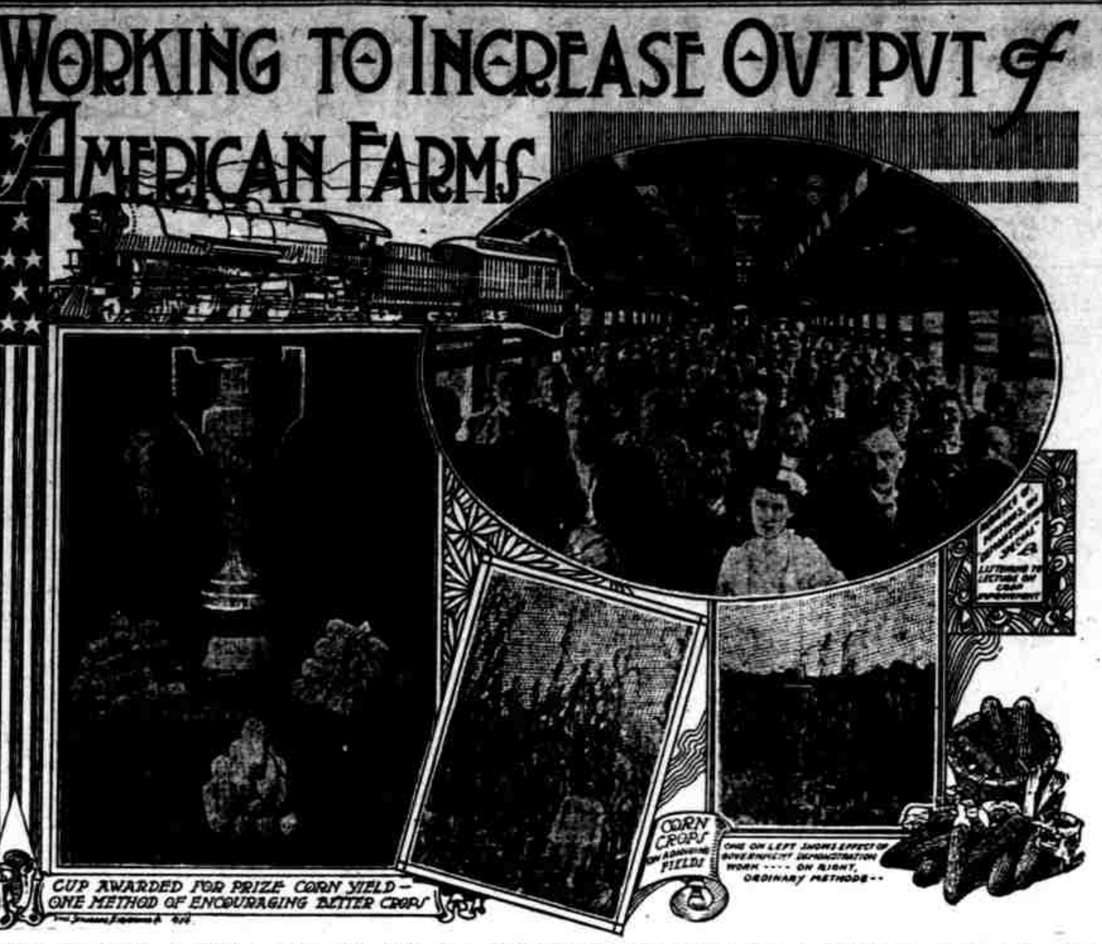
The waiter in a restaurant recently adopted for its early morning convenience looked dubious and departed, muttering and shaking his head. There was a long colloquy in the kitchen, where the toast design has ever been a holy institution, while chopped parsley has descended upon German fried potatoes automatically.

Still, the waiter did pretty well for a starter. He converted the cook to the customer's notion of toast, but this took so much time that the potatoes had been thatched before he could get around to them. Then, slightly flustered, he brought the coffee along with the rest.

The next morning he was two-thirds right and by the end of the week he was faithful, even having the foresight to bring two pieces of butter and have the check ready.

"Good fellow and all that," he said to the proprietor regarding the customer, "but an awful crank."

Working to Increase Output of American Farms



Flying schoolhouses on wheels, demonstration farms, and practical instruction by crop experts are taking the place of the old-time pamphlet and theoretical lecturer.

Flying schoolhouses on wheels, capable of jumping 200 miles a day, traveling schools set up for a week at a time in small towns for a brief course under the direction of an agricultural department expert in the best methods to be applied to the growing of the principal crops of the surrounding farm territory, demonstration farms on which the doubting Thomas of the rural community is shown the superior results obtained by scientific methods, and the employment of agricultural experts in every county for the instruction of farmers in the best methods of handling their soils and cultivating their crops, are the up-to-date methods by which the national and State governments, the railways, and other interests are co-operating in the effort to swell the farm output of the country and at the same time to reduce the high cost of living.

All this has involved a radical change of methods. For years the Federal government has been conducting important researches looking to the improvement of agricultural methods and has been embodying the results in pamphlets seldom seen and still more rarely read by the actual tillers of the soil. Now, instead of a pamphlet worded in abstruse terms that the farmer could not understand if he tried, the Department of Agriculture sends out a practical man who puts the facts about improved methods into understandable form. The railroad president, instead of lecturing the farmer on his wastefulness and lack of enterprise, employes a man who knows modern agriculture and sends out a special train fitted up with lecture rooms and exhibits where the farmers can gather and can learn just what the new farming may be made to mean to their particular locality.

Million Hear Lectures.

Last year the attendance at such lectures and demonstrations was over 1,000,000. Successful business men who want to do something for the solution of the country's greatest economic problem are contributing funds to aid in the employment of practical demonstrators to show by actual results the advantages of scientific methods of crop rotation and culture. In many localities the farmers themselves, realizing the value of this work, are putting up their own money to carry it on.

In the minds of those who have studied the subject there is no question as to the superiority of these modern methods which amount to taking the school to the farmer instead of trying to persuade the farmer to go to school and which, teach by practical demonstration rather than by theory. Nor is there any question as to the urgent necessity of greatly increasing the output of American farms. This is shown by the tremendous increase in price of all farm products, by the rapid decrease in food exports and the steady rise of food imports, and by the act that while the acreage yield of American farms has remained practically stationary, there has been a marked advance in the rate of yield in the principal countries of Europe.

The average yield per acre last year in the United States was 12.5 bushels of wheat, 15.6 bushels of rye, and 24.4 bushels of oats. The latest available figures giving the average for five years in these crops for various European countries are as follows:

	Wheat.	Rye.	Oats.
Belgium	33	33	62
Netherlands	32	25	52
Great Britain	31	26	43
Germany	28	23	46
Denmark	39	26	25
France	20	16.5	31

Average Yield Doubled.

The average yield of these three crops in six European countries, therefore, was twice the average yield of the United States. It seems almost incredible that the Belgian farmer, working a soil that has been tilled for centuries, can get thirty-nine bushels of wheat to the acre, while the American, cultivating new fresh land with the best farm machinery in the world gets only 12.5 bushels. The contrast becomes even more striking if the increase in acreage yields in the European countries during the past twenty-five years, amounting in many cases to an actual doubling in average output, is compared with the gain in the United States of less than 5 per cent.

Economists are coming to agree that this is the chief factor in the excessive cost of living in the United States, since, while population increased 21 per cent between the last two censuses the aggregate acreage of all the cereal crops increased only 3.5 per cent, and the actual yield of these crops in 1909 was but 1.6 per cent greater than in 1899.

Curiously enough the same factor that was instrumental in revolutionizing European agricultural methods and greatly increasing the acreage yield of European farms has led the way on this side of the Atlantic to the adoption of practical methods of showing the farmer how to get more returns from his acres in place of the inefficient methods earlier in use.

In Europe the agricultural renaissance followed the adoption of scientific methods of crop rotation in which a root crop, chiefly the sugar beet, was used in rotation with cereals one year in four. The general culture of root crops systematically encouraged by nearly all the leading nations of Europe taught the farmer to plow deep, cleared the fields of weeds, and greatly increased the yield of the crops grown in succeeding seasons on ground thus treated. It changed the whole practice of agriculture, and, while it achieved the object which the various governments had in mind in encouraging beet culture, that is to make them independent in the matter of their sugar supply, at the same time it relieved several of these governments of the specter of bread famine which previously had menaced them. Likewise it was in the struggle to place the beet sugar industry on a successful footing in the United States that the way was blazed for the agriculturist to adopt a better system of handling his lands, which is now being put into effect on a broad scale.

It is only within the past fifteen years that sugar beet culture has become an important activity in the United States. Most of the early attempts to establish the industry on this side of the Atlantic resulted in failure, because the farmers would not give the necessary care to the cultivation of beet crops. To overcome this difficulty the beet sugar manufacturers employed agricultural experts to instruct the farmers on whom they had to depend for their raw material in the best methods of preparing the ground, cultivating and harvesting the crop.

Increase in Output.

The good effect of this practical instruction was not confined to the sugar beet crop alone, but it resulted in a great increase in the output of the other crops used in rotation with this one. This in turn had its effect on the whole agricultural community. The farmer who saw his neighbor growing bigger crops and improving the fertility of his lands at the same time while securing a profitable return from them naturally was quite willing to follow suit. As a result, wherever beet sugar factories have been established an astonishing improvement in the productivity of other crops has followed. Statistics gathered from hundreds of farmers in the various States where the sugar beet industry has been introduced show the following yield per acre before and after the culture of sugar beets was taken up.

	Before.	After.	Present Increase.
Wheat	26.46	43.95	67.1
Corn	41.8	52.1	27.4
Oats	42.9	60.6	48.1
Barley	26.37	39.4	52

It is this feature of its operations that led Dr. Harvey W. Wiley to describe the beet sugar industry recently as the greatest normal school of agriculture ever established in the country and to urge the encouragement of the industry by tariff duties and in all other possible ways.

Thus the beet sugar factories blazed the way to the new agriculture by demonstrating that the farmer was the original man from Missouri, that he had to be "shown." The railroads were quick to grasp the point. Bumper crops meant increased freight earnings, so the railroads hired farm experts and shipped them through their territories in special trains to talk to the farmers. This has now become a recognized activity in the railroad business. One Rock Island special reached 44,472 persons in Missouri alone. About 9,000 packages of improved seed corn and 16,000 of cow pea seed were sold from the train at cost by the State authorities. At a little village in Kansas the normal population of 600 increased to 2,000 when the railroad's wheat special arrived last year.

Schools on Wheels.

That was the genesis of the school on wheels. Its development was rapid. A breakfast bacon special was run through Iowa to encourage the farmers to raise more hogs. The Cotton Belt Route ran a "squealer special" southwest from St. Louis to prove to the Arkansas and Panhandle farmers the money-making advantages of raising blooded hogs, rather than the razor-back variety. Down the Mississippi Valley the Illinois Central sent a boll weevil special to conduct a campaign against this pest of the cotton fields. The Harriman lines run six farming trains each year. Last year these were visited by 75,000 persons.

Some of the railroads have also established experimental farms to help the farmers. The Great Northern, for instance, conducts forty-five experimental farms in co-operation with the owners and also runs one of its own. Similar activities, all seeking to help the farmer by the object-lesson method of instruction, have been inaugurated by a variety of other interests acting in co-operation. If these efforts lead to a general increase in the farm output of the country comparable to that which has been achieved through the efforts of the specialists employed by the beet sugar manufacturers in certain sections, it will mean an addition of nearly $4,000,000,000 to the annual value of the crops gathered from American farms.

ATROCITIES IN PUTUMAYO ARE BEYOND DESCRIPTION

Cruel Usage of Natives by Boss Rubber Gatherers Arouses Governments to Action—Some of the Crimes Described.

Dom Pedro Fonseca led his fifteen-year-old wife, Marta, into a thicket in the rear of his house, stood her against a palm tree, deliberately rolled up his sleeves, grasped his huge machete in both hands, and with two strokes cut off her head. It was just dusk, and in the darkness of that huge tropical grove I could barely discern the tragedy. The murderer was coming from the grove wiping his machete when I approached him and asked:

"Are you not afraid you will be punished for that?"

"Punish me, senor? It is impossible. It is only for the bosses to punish; others have nothing to say."

This murder took place in the afternoon of April 5, 1909, in the Putumayo rubber district of Peru and Brazil. The weird circumstances of the thing shall haunt me all the days of my life. Fonseca killed his young wife because she unwittingly put salt into his coffee on the previous morning and caused him a severe spell of nausea. I was the guest of Fonseca, who had very kindly met me at Iquitos and taken me to his home. He was very much surprised to find that I was going to leave his house after witnessing the killing. He thought nothing of the matter, and said I was very foolish to pay any attention to it.

After this I stayed three months in the rubber district. I remained at the mission of some Franciscan monks, who are doing their very best at least to mitigate the appalling horrors which have cursed the rubber country since 1896.

No Action Taken.

In the summer of 1905 I came to the United States and gave an interview to the American press concerning these horrors. The matter was discussed but no active efforts were made to interfere with the atrocities by either the British, American, or South American governments, until in the following year when the British Consul at Rio de Janeiro went up the Amazon to verify my statements. I feel somewhat redeemed to find that he has substantiated my interview.

It is no more than just to state that the British corporation which controls the rubber industry is not to blame for the atrocities. The Putumayo country is very inaccessible. The only way to get to it is by steamer up the Amazon from Para, and there are only a very few months out of the year that one can get up the river, because the dry season does not give sufficient depth of water for steamers of any size.

In my excursions through the adjacent country I found numerous dead bodies, skulls and skeletons—each being mute evidence of the cruelty of the boss rubber collectors. The slightest offense on the part of the Indians will bring death or the most inhuman mutilation.

A young Indian once tried to rally his tribe into making some resistance against the barbarities of the bosses. He was found one day loading his canoe with rubber milk he had just gathered. A big Barbados negro who was his foreman walked up to him, and deliberately slashed off his right arm with a machete. The poor Indian grabbed the bleeding stump with his left hand. In an instant the left arm was severed at the shoulder. Both legs were hacked off above the knee, and the young man was left to bleed to death where he had fallen.

No Respect for Women.

Father Antonio, one of the Franciscans with whom I was staying, did much to protect the Indian girls from the harems of the boss rubber gatherers. No Indian woman's honor was respected. The lust of the Barbadoes negroes and the Spanish half-breds has brought countless girls from thirteen to twenty years of age into concubinage. The good priest and his few followers were the only persons in the country who had any softening effect on the overseers.

Shortly after my arrival in the country Fonseca was attracted to a pretty girl living some miles from his house. He wished to take her into his house as a servant. He sent several half-breeds after her. The father and mother of the poor girl objected to her going to the overseer's house, knowing what a dreadful fate awaited her. The mother was knocked in the head with the butt of a gun and the father was shot. This incident is typical of constant happenings of this nature.

Stocks are used as a mode of punishment. Petty offenders who escape death or mutilation are confined for several days at a time, their legs being extended as widely apart as possible without breaking the hamstrings. The torture of being confined in this position for several days at a time is inconceivable. In a "cepo" near the home of Fonseca one may find numbers of men and women so treated.

Natives Are Lazy.

I do not deny that some pressure is needed to make the natives work. They are very lazy. But no human reasoning can justify such unheard of tortures. Some skill is required in tapping a rubber tree. If the tap is too deep the tree will die. The fault with most native tappers is that they cut too deeply and sometimes even cut the trees down. When a native offends by either cutting too deeply or cutting down the tree, a kind-hearted overseer may cut off one of his ears or split his nose or his tongue. For the same offense repeated twice under the same overseer, death is invariably the price he pays.

Every torture that the human mind can devise is used to compel the natives to gather as large an amount of rubber at each trip as he can carry. If a little child fails to gather the amount set for him, his parents are flogged unmercifully and the little one himself is given several "taps" to remind him that he must do better the next time. I saw several young men with the ends of their tongues cut off for failure to bring in the required amount of rubber.

Up to Governments.

Many times I have seen the Indians staggering into a collection post with their big loads on their backs. They would stand in lines and wait their turn at the scales to have their returns weighed. When one falls short, as they often do, he prostrates himself on the ground and meekly takes his flogging. The floggers are there at each weighing time.

Lack of communication with this district is the main reason for the unlimited murderings and torturings. While Lima, Peru, is only 400 miles across the Andes, the traveler has to go north to Panama, and then around the northwest coast of South America to Para, and then up the Amazon for nearly 2,300 miles. A telegraph line has been installed between Iquitos and Lima since I visited the country, but I understand that it is working poorly.

I am of the opinion that these atrocities should be kept down by the Brazilian and Peruvian governments. Soldiers should be kept there to prevent them. Military force is the only thing which will avail. The overseers are of the worst there is in humanity. Several of them should be shot and tortured as an object lesson to the others.

JEAN JACQUES CLEMENCEAU.

Bush Work.

From Judge.

Yapville fan (to stranger during local game)—Well, how does our new pitcher's delivery strike you?

Stranger (a big league scout)—As R. F. D.

The Waiter Answered.

From Judge.

"And is this a purely vegetarian restaurant?" inquired the dyspeptic.

"Yep," answered the waiter. "There's no rheumatism in this joint."

KAISER HAS RULED NEARLY 25 YEARS

All Germany Is Preparing to Celebrate Anniversary to Be Held Next June.

Berlin, Aug. 24.—Though it is hard to believe it, for the impetuous Kaiser still impresses you as a very young man, it is an indisputable fact that Emperor William, on June 15, 1913, will have ruled his empire for one-quarter of a century; and it goes without saying that the event is to be celebrated in Germany with all the circumstances and pomp so dear to the Teutonic heart, and so attractive to the Teutonic eye, and no doubt with a completeness in every detail worthy of this land of jubilees, where even the street commissionaire, who has stood for a sufficiently long period at the bidding of the public, is honored with at least a paragraph in the local paper.

The celebrations will, for the most part, be of a military character, but there will also be the customary public school holidays, national subscriptions and foundations of various kinds, and a further multiplication of reproductions of the imperial face and figure in colors, stone and marble in all parts of the empire. By order of the royal "jubilar" a medal, to be worn by civil and military officials, and one for the use of the common soldier and marine, will be struck. The world of business is preparing a jubilee account of the course of German commercial development from the opening of the reign, while the artists are contemplating an exhibition illustrative of the progress of German art during the period, introduced by a grand banquet. Stamp collectors are already demanding a special jubilee issue.

LETTER NEVER DELIVERED.

Late Mikado Wrote to Czar Concerning China.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 24.—On his way back to Japan, Prince Katsura gave out an interesting statement regarding his brief stay in Russia to a Russian newspaper. He brought with him an autographed political letter from the Mikado to the Czar, but, as he knew when he reached St. Petersburg that the Mikado was dying, he never delivered the letter, nor did he see the Czar. He gave its chief contents verbally to Kokovtzeff and Sazonoff.

It appears that the Mikado said he was convinced from the shaping of events in China that it was best for Russia and Japan to act in closest union for a long time to come. This was so much the case that Prince Katsura informally offered that Japan should declare common cause with the European group to which Russia belongs. His proposals have been handed this week to the French Premier, M. Poincare, and it is now on the cards that the armed forces of Japan may be put wholly into the scales on the Anglo-Franco-Russian side.

SUICIDES IN CZAR'S ARMY.

More Than Four Hundred Took Their Lives During Past Year.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 24.—Appalling statistics of suicides in the Russian army have just been officially published. Last year there were no fewer than 437 suicides, of which ninety were of commissioned officers. Compared with 1910, there was an increase of eighteen suicides among officers and seventy-nine among enlisted men. Eighty-one officers and 237 soldiers shot themselves; one officer and fifty-eight men hanged themselves; seven officers and fifty soldiers ended their lives with various poisons; one officer and ten men stabbed themselves; fifteen soldiers threw themselves beneath railroad locomotive, and five rankers drowned themselves.

During the same period, thirty-two officers and 478 men were killed accidentally and five officers and forty-two soldiers were murdered by civilians. The compiler of this gloomy official report is unable, or professes to be unable, to state the chief reasons for the deplorable number of suicides among the Czar's soldiers.

FISHERIES DAMAGED.

Criticism in Denmark Against German Naval Cruisers.

Copenhagen, Aug. 24.—The German warship maneuvers in Danish waters are arousing much criticism because of the great harm to the fisheries, the frequent visits to the Femern belt by the German vessels endangering the lives of the fishermen. Although they carry the regulation lights, the German warships are referred to as reckless concerning fishing interests.

The leading newspapers allude to the frequent visits as inconvenient and harmful, because they are too near the best fishing places.

Gas in the Commons.

From the Manchester Guardian.

The system of lighting the House of Commons is under review, and members may be asked before long whether they would prefer electric light to the present use of gas. The actual fount of the illumination is not visible in the House; there is no chandelier, and none of those brackets against the wall which one sees in modern drawing rooms against the distempered walls. But the roof has a considerable space of thick ground-glass panels set in a framework of brown beams, and each of the panels bears a rendering of the English red rose. Above this glass there is a kind of attic, from which the lighting is done.

The House is very often sparing of the gas bill. On a quiet summer afternoon the debate will go on in the fading light of day till members can hardly see one another's faces, and then the clerk of the House suddenly realizes that he cannot see the paper under his nose. He looks up and finds the house wrapt in shadows. He touches a bell; a servant comes in and receives the direction for the lights. The light is turned on in the attic above the glass panels with the rendering of the red rose. It arrives in the House like a shower of rain on a summer night. First a faint tentative stirring, softening, a sponge in the face, then after that the deluge, and the room below is drenched in a mellow downpour. The dark spaces beneath the galleries drink it up like a thirsty lad. The whole scene is refreshed. Strangers in the House look up into the roof, and then they sit up and begin a more intelligent reading of the men and things below.